

# T H E

# Granadiers Loyal Health.

## A S O N G.

*The First Line of these Notes to be Sung Twice over.*



**O**ld *England's* Glory now begins,  
Under the best of Gracious Kings;  
Ill Fates which many years have frown'd,  
With smiling Conquest now hath Crown'd;  
And put an end to all Dispute,  
Against our Gracious King and Duke.

II.

The Royal Line for to enlarge,  
For *Rupert* we have got Prince *George*;  
Of Conduct and of Courage known,  
To his Immortal praise alone;  
We'll drink the Health e're we go hence,  
Both to the King, the Duke, and Prince.

III.

We'll Front the Guards with Fire and Sword,  
For to defend our Sovereign Lord;  
Let flat-fac'd *Oats* like *Sodom* burn,  
*Mahomets* Saint, and Christians scorn:  
While Rebels here in Mourning lurk,  
Because the *Christians* Bang'd the *Turk*.

IV.

Make ready *Links*, take your right Foot  
Out of the Stirrup, then fall! too't:  
Recover your Muskets, Charge the Front  
To'th Right and Left, there's Lives lies on't:  
Blow your Matches, fire your Fuse,  
We'll make the Rebels flye like *Jews*.

V.

Hand your *Granadoes*, let 'um flye,  
Like Thunder flashes from the Sky;  
Like Fire-drakes or some Blazing-Star,  
Which are true Signets of sweet War:  
We with our Hoboys, Gun, and Drum,  
Shall make *Mars* Harmony where we come.

VI.

Toth' God of Wine let's now descend,  
Old *Bacchus* that true Souldies Friend;  
Where *Mars* oft fails, he still Inspires,  
Both Heart and Brain with War-like Fires:  
Come brush about that smiling Bowl,  
To *Albermarle* and his great Soul.

VII.

Come Bowl about Boys, while we stay,  
Two in a Hand to Loyal *Gay*;  
And Daring *Parker* true and stout,  
And *Hestings* must not be left out:  
Heroick Boys, when *Whiggs* did Sway,  
They fear'd not *Monmouth*, *Tom*, and *Gray*.

VIII.

*Howard* and *Sackfield* for the Crown,  
They'll make our English *Turks* come down,  
And send 'em unto *Terklets* Gang,  
There let 'em either Starve or Hang:  
A score of Bumpers round the Board,  
To Christians and Victorious Sword.

IX.

Hark! Hark! I hear the Drum  
Beat Rad-dan, their Majesties come;  
Wind up your *Bottoms*, clear the Bar,  
See what's the Reckoning in the *Star*:  
Whilst *Whiggs* Designs are all debar'd,  
Come Fellow-Souldiers to the GUARD.

F I N I S.

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